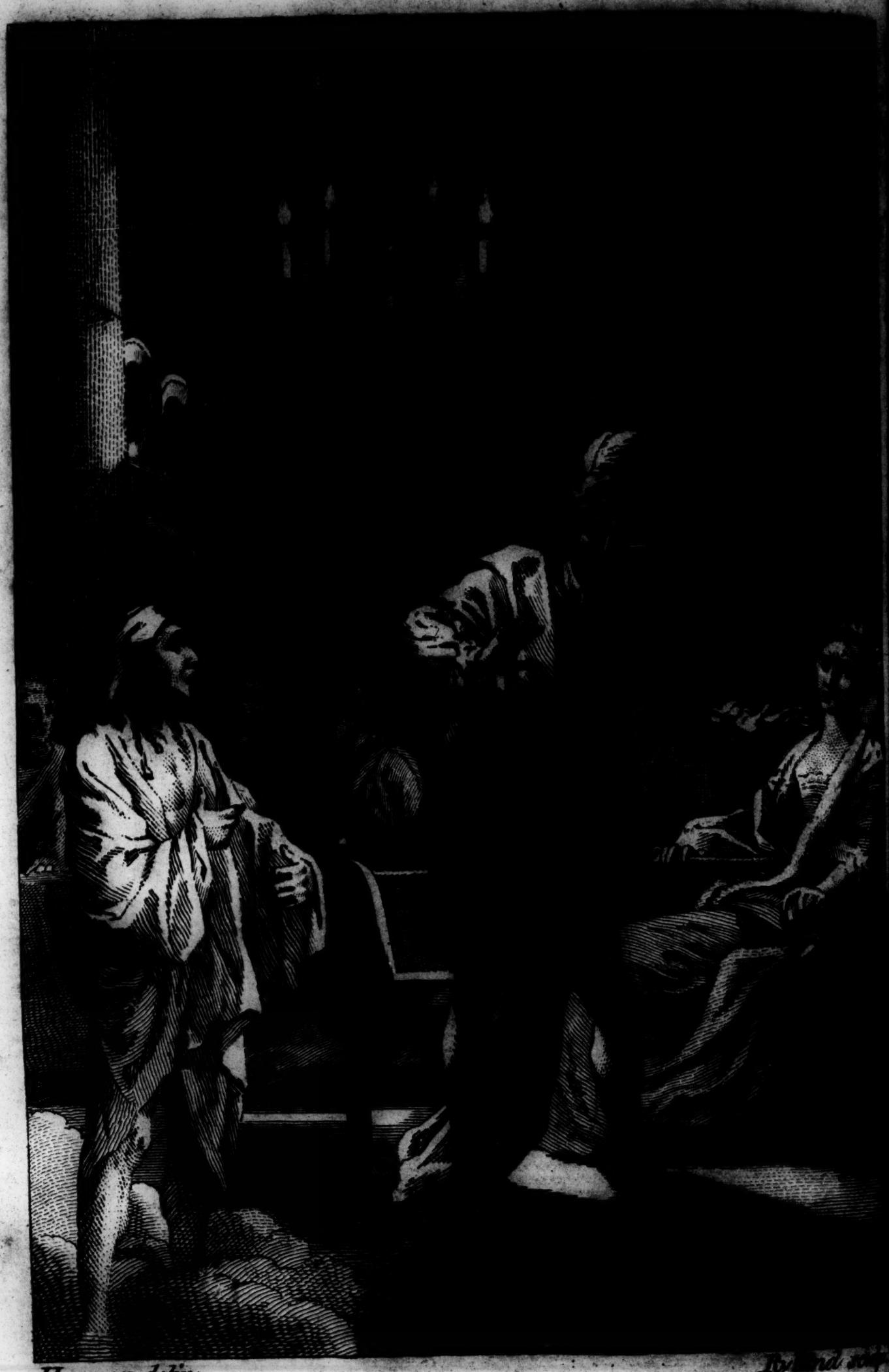
MACBETH.

A

TRAGEDY.

Act III. Scene V.



Hayman delin.

Ryland sculp.

80 c 24

MACBETH.

A TRAGEDY.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATED WITH

THE OLD AND MODERN EDITIONS.

Shakspeare (W.)

LONDON,

PRINTED BY W. BOWYER AND J. NICHOLS:

AND SOLD BY W. OWEN, BETWEEN THE TEMPLE-GATES, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MACBETH,

A TRAGEDY.

EDITIONS COLLATED:

The [a] Folio's, and Modern Editions.

[a] The 1ſt folio appears to be the oldeſt edition of this Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of *Scotland*.	Appears Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8.
Malcolm, *Donalbain*, } Sons to the King,	Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8. Act I. Sc. 5. Act IV. Sc. 4, 5, 6. Act V. Sc. 4, 6, 7. Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 5.
Macbeth, *Banquo*, } Generals of the King's Army.	Act I. Sc. 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10. Act II. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 5. Act IV. Sc. 2. Act V. Sc. 3, 5. 6. Act I. Sc. 4, 5, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 1, 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 4.
Lenox, *Macduff*, *Roſſe*, *Menteth*, *Angus*, *Cathneſs*, } Noblemen of *Scotland*,	Act I. Sc. 2, 6. 8. Act II. Sc. 4, 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 5, 7. Act IV. Sc. 2. Act V. Sc. 2. Act I. Sc. 8. Act II. Sc. 4, 5, 6. Act IV. Sc. 4, 5, 6. Act V. Sc. 4, 6, 7. Act I. Sc. 2, 5, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 5, 6. Act III. Sc. 1, 5. Act IV. Sc. 3, 6. Act V. Sc. 7. Act V. Sc. 2, 4. Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 5, 8. Act V. Sc. 2, 4. Act V. Sc. 2, 4.
[b] *Fleance*, Son to *Banquo*,	Act II. Sc. 1. Act III. Sc. 4.
[c] *Seyward*, General of the *Engliſh* Forces,	Act V. Sc. 4, 6, 7.
Young *Seward*, his Son,	Act V. Sc. 4, 6.
Seyton, an Officer, attending on *Macbeth*,	Act V. Sc. 3, 5.
Son to *Macduff*,	Act IV. Sc. 5.
A wounded Captain,	Act I. Sc. II.
A Doctor,	Act IV. Sc. 5.
Another Doctor,	Act V. Sc. 1, 3.
A Porter,	Act II. Sc. 4.
An old Man,	Act II. Sc. 6.

[b] The fo's ſometimes ſpell this name *Fleans*.

[c] *T.* and all after, except *C. Siward*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1ſt Murtherer,	Act III. Sc. 2, 4, 5.
2d Murtherer,	Act IV. Sc. 3.
3d Murtherer,	Act III. Sc. 2, 4.
Other Murtherers,	Act IV. Sc. 3.
Lady *Macbeth*,	Act I. Sc. 7, 8, 10. Act II. Sc. 3, 5 Act III. Sc. 1, 3, 5. Act V. Sc. 1.
Lady *Macduff*,	Act IV. Sc. 3.
Gentlewoman, attending on Lady *Macbeth*,	Act V. Sc. 1.
Hecate,	Act III. Sc. 6. Act IV. Sc. 1, 2.
Three Witches,	Act I. Sc. 1, 3, 4. Act III. Sc. 6. Act IV. Sc. 1, 2.
Three other Witches,	Act IV. Sc. 1, 2.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of *Banquo*,	Act III. Sc. 5. Act IV. Sc. 2.
Several other Apparitions,	Act IV. Sc. 2.

SCENE,

In the End of the fourth Act, lies in *England*; through the reſt of the Play, in *Scotland*, and chiefly at *Macbeth's* Caſtle.

A SKETCH

A

SKETCH

OF

THE PLAY.

ACT I.

Sc. I. AN open place. Thunder and lightning. Enter three witches. Their intention to meet *Macbeth.* They riſe, and fly away.

Sc. II. The palace at *Foris.* Alarum within. Enter king, *Malc. Donalb. Len.* with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain, who brings an account of *Macb.'s* having gained the victory over the rebels; but that the *Norweyans* had begun a freſh aſſault. Exit Captain. Enter *Roſſe* and *Ang.* with the news that the Thane of *Cawdor* had aſſiſted the *Norweyans,* but that the victory declared againſt them. The king paſſes ſentence of death upon the thane of *Cawdor,* and inveſts *Macb.* with his title.

Sc. III. An heath. Thunder. Enter the three witches. Their miſchievous conjurations againſt a Sailor, whoſe wife had refuſed to give one of them ſome of her cheſnuts. They make a charm for *Macb.* and *Banq.*

Sc. IV.

Sc. IV. To the Witches enter *Macb.* and *Banq.* The Witches ſalute *Macb.* as Thane of *Glamis* and *Cawdor*, and as one who ſhall be king. They foretel that *Banquo's* children ſhall be kings. The Witches vaniſh.

Sc. V. To *Macb.* and *Banq.* enter *Roſſe* and *Ang.* who bring the king's thanks to *Macb.* for his exploits, and inform him that he is made Thane of *Cawdor.*

Sc. VI. The palace. Enter king, *Malcolm, Donalb. Len.* and attendants. *Mal.* informs the king that the traitrous Thane of *Cawdor* is executed. Enter *Macb. Banq. Roſſe* and *Ang.* The king expreſſes his gratitude to *Macb.* and *Banq.* for their ſervices; declares his eldeſt ſon *Malcolm* his heir and prince of *Cumberland*; and invites himſelf to *Macb.'s* caſtle at *Inverneſs.* Exit *Macb.* to make preparations for the reception of the king. Flouriſh, and exeunt the reſt.

Sc. VII. An apartment in *Macb.'s* caſtle at *Inverneſs.* Enter lady *Macb.* alone, reading a letter from *Macb.* which informs her of what paſſed between him and the Witches. Her reflections thereon. Enter meſſenger with tidings that the king is coming to be her gueſt. Exit meſſenger. Lady *Macb.* in a ſoliloquy diſcovers her murtherous intentions againſt the king; and, *Macb.* entering, perſuades him to engage therein. Exeunt.

Sc. VIII. Before *Macb.'s* caſtle. Enter king, *Mal. Donalb. Banq. Len. Macd. Roſſe, Ang.* and attendants. The king and *Banq.* praiſe the ſeat for it's pleaſantneſs. Enter lady *Macbeth.* After mutual compliments between the king and her, exeunt.

Sc. IX. An apartment in the caſtle. Enter a Sewer and ſervants, with diſhes and ſervice over the ſtage. Enter *Macb.* His ſoliloquy on the intended murther. Reflecting on the doubtfulneſs of ſucceſs, and the heinouſneſs of the crime, he is ſtaggered in his reſolution.

Sc. X. To him enter lady *Macb.* who by ſpecious arguments confirms him in the horrid deſign. Exeunt.

ACT II.

Sc. I. *Macb.'s* caſtle. Enter *Banq.* and *Fle.* with a torch before him. Talk of the darkneſs of the night. Enter *Macb.* and a ſervant with a torch. *Banq.* preſents *Macb.* with a diamond for lady *Macb.* from the king. Talk of the Witches, &c. Ex- *Banq.* and *Fle.*

Sc. II. Manet *Macb.* Soliloquy on a bloody dagger, which ſeems to appear to him leading him on to the murther. A bell rings. Exit, as to kill the king.

Sc. III. Enter lady *Macb.* Her ſoliloquy while *Macb.* is about the murther. Enter *Macb.* who informs her he has done the deed. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. Enter a porter. Knocking within. The porter's humorous ſpeech as in the character of a porter of hell-gate. The porter opens. Enter *Macd.* and *Len.* Humorous talk about drink and its effects. Enter *Macb.* *Macd.* enquires of him, if the king be ſtirring, and tells him that he *(Macd.)* had orders to call the king early. *Macb.* ſhews *Macd.*

the

the room where the king lies. Exit *Macd.* as to call the king. After a ſhort ſpace re-enter *Macd.* ſhocked with the ſight of the murthered king. Exeunt *Macb.* and *Len.* to the king's chamber. *Macd.* orders the alarum-bell to be rung, and cries out, Murther and treaſon!

Sc. V. Bell rings. To *Macd.* enter lady *Macb.* pretending to enquire into the cauſe of the clamour. Enter *Banq.* whom *Macd.* acquaints with the king's murther. Enter *Macb.* *Len.* and *Roſſe.* Soon after enter *Malc.* and *Donalb.* They are informed of their father's murther. It appears from a ſpeech of *Macb.* that he, as judging the king's guards guilty of the murther, had killed them when he went with *Len.* into the king's chamber, in Sc. IV. Lady *Macb.* counterfeiting a ſwoon, is carried out. Exeunt all but *Malc.* and *Donalb.* They, thinking themſelves in danger, are determined to fly; and agree that *Malc.* ſhall go to *England*, *Donalb* to *Ireland.* Exeunt, taking leave.

Sc. VI. The outſide of *Macb.'s* caſtle. Enter *Roſſe* with an old man, and ſoon after enter *Macd.* Talk of the omens that preceded the king's murther; of the king's two ſons, *Malc.* and *Donalb.* being fled, which lays them under the ſuſpicion of having ſuborned the guards to murther their father; and of the likelihood of *Macb.'s* being inveſted with the ſovereignty. Exeunt.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

ACT III.

Sc. I. An apartment in the palace. Enter *Banq.* He ſuſpects that *Macb.* has played foully for the crown which he has gained. Trumpets ſound. Enter *Macb.* as king, lady *Macbeth*, *Len.* *Roſſe*, lords and attendants. *Macb.* invites *Banq.* to a ſolemn ſupper to be held at night. *Banq.* promiſes (after a ride he and *Fle.* are to take for the afternoon) to return to the ſupper. Exit *Banq.* Exeunt lady *Macb.* and lords, &c.

Sc. II. Manent *Macb.* and a ſervant. *Macb.* bids the ſervant call two men that are waiting without. Exit ſervant. A ſoliloquy of *Macb.* He fears *Banq.* on account of his wiſdom and valour. Enter two Murtherers, whom *Macb.* employs to murther *Banq.* and *Fleance* as they return from their ride. Exeunt murtherers. Exit *Macb.*

Sc. III. Another apartment in the palace. Enter lady *Macb.* and a ſervant, whom ſhe ſends to call *Macb.* Enter *Macb.* Talk of their dangerous ſituation while *Banq.* and *Fle.* live, &c. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. A park, the caſtle at a diſtance. Enter three murtherers, as waiting for *Banq.* and *Fle.* Enter *Banq.* and *Fle.* *Banq.* is murthered, but *Fle.* makes his eſcape. Exeunt murtherers.

Sc. V. A room of ſtate in the caſtle. A banquet prepared. Enter *Macb.* lady *Macb.* *Roſſe*, *Len.* lords and attendants. *Macb.* and his lady welcome the gueſts. Enter 1ſt murtherer, acquaints *Macb.* with the death

death of *Banq.* and eſcape of *Fle.* Exit murtherer. The ghoſt of *Banq.* riſes and ſits in *Macb.'s* place, which he had left to ſpeak with the murtherer. *Macb.* ſtarts, and falls into a fit of terror, which his lady excuſes to the gueſts as a diſorder he is troubled with. The ghoſt vaniſhes. *Macb.* drinks to the health of his gueſts, and of the abſent *Banq.* wiſhing him preſent. The ghoſt riſes again. *Macb.* falls into another fit of terror. Exeunt all but *Macb.* and lady. *Macb.* having ſtept ſo far in blood, determines to continue his courſe. Exeunt.

Sc. VI. The heath. Thunder. Enter three witches, meeting *Hecate.* *Hecate* is angry with them, that they did not conſult with her in their charms on *Macb.'s* account. She appoints them to meet her in the morning at the pit of *Acheron*, whither ſhe ſays *Macb.* will come to know his deſtiny. Exeunt.

Sc. VII. A chamber. Enter *Len.* and another lord. *Len.* ironically inſinuates that *Macb.* is the author of the late murthers, and is informed by this lord that *Macd.* is gone to *England* to ſolicit aſſiſtance of king *Edward* againſt the tyrant *Macb.* Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Sc. I. A dark cave. In the middle, a great cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three Witches. They march round the cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.

Enter

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Enter *Hecate* and three other Witches. Muſic and a ſong.

Sc. II. To them enter *Macb.* He conjures them to anſwer ſome queſtions which he ſhall aſk: They conjure up an apparition of an armed head, which bids him beware of *Macduff.* A ſecond apparition of a bloody child tells him that *None of woman born ſhall harm* Macbeth. A third apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, tells him, he ſhall never be vanquiſhed till *Birnham* wood ſhall come to *Dunſinane* hill againſt him. *Macb.* conjures the Witches farther to tell him, whether *Banq.'s* iſſue ſhall ever reign in *Scotland.* As an anſwer to this queſtion they cauſe eight kings (ſuppoſed *Banq.'s* iſſue) to appear and paſs by in order; and *Banq.* after them, with a glaſs in his hand, wherein appear many more. Muſic. The Witches dance, and vaniſh. Enter *Len.* who tells *Macb.* that *Macd.* is fled to *England.* *Macb.* determines to ſeize upon the caſtle of *Macd.* and to murder his wife and family. Exeunt.

Sc. III. *Macd.* caſtle at *Fife.* Enter lady *Macd.* her ſon, and *Roſſe.* Lady *Macd.* complains of her huſband's flying to *England: Roſſe* endeavours to comfort her. Exit *Roſſe.* Talk between lady *Macd.* and her ſon. Enter Meſſenger, who being apprehenſive of danger to her and hers, adviſes their flight. Exit Meſſenger. Soon after enter Murtherers, who kill the ſon. Exit lady *Macd.* crying Murther! and the Murtherers purſuing her.

Sc. IV. The king of *England's* palace. Enter *Mal.* and *Macd.* They bewail the kingdom of *Scotland,* as

deprived

deprived of its lawful king, and oppreſt by an uſurper. *Malc.* ſuſpecting treachery in *Macd.* pretends to relinquiſh all thoughts of recovering his birth-right, viz. the crown of *Scotland*, and urges his own (feigned) vicious diſpoſitions as the reaſon: but at length, diſcovering *Macd.'s* fidelity by his ingenuous behaviour, he acknowledges that he has unjuſtly accuſed himſelf, and accepts the proffered aſſiſtance of his friends to ſet him on the throne.

Sc. V. To them enter a Doctor, who gives them notice that king *Edward* is coming forth from his palace, and that a number of perſons afflicted by the *Evil* are waiting for his touch. Exit Doctor.

Sc. VI. Enter *Roſſe*, who brings news that *Macd.'s* caſtle is ſurprized, and his wife and children ſlaughtered. *Macd.'s* grief thereon, and determination to be revenged on the tyrant. Exeunt.

ACT V.

Sc. I. An anti-chamber in *Macb.'s* caſtle. Enter a Doctor of phyſic and a waiting Gentlewoman. Diſcourſe of lady *Macb.* who walks and talks in her ſleep. Enter lady *Macb.* in her ſleep with her taper in her hand, diſcovers her guilty conſcience by her talk. Exeunt.

Sc. II. A field with a wood at a diſtance. Drum and colours. Enter *Ment. Cath. Ang. Len.* and ſoldiers. From this ſcene we are informed that an army of the *Engliſh* led by *Malc. Seyw.* and *Macd.* is moving

ing towards *Dunſinane*, where *Macb.* is fortifying himſelf. Exeunt.

Sc. III. The caſtle of *Dunſinane*. Enter *Macb.* Doctor and attendants. A Servant informs *Macb.* that an army of ten thouſand *Engliſh* are approaching. Enter *Seyton*, who confirms the news. Talk between *Macb.* and the Doctor about lady *Macb.*'s illneſs. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. *Birnam* wood. Drum and colours. Enter *Malc.* *Seyw.* *Macd.* *Seyw.*'s ſon, *Ment.* *Cath.* *Ang.* and ſoldiers marching. *Malc.* orders every ſoldier to hew down a bough and carry it before him to conceal the number of the army as they advance towards *Dunſinane*. Exeunt marching.

Sc. V. The caſtle of *Dunſinane*. Enter *Macb.* *Seyton*, and ſoldiers, with drums and colours. A cry within of women; the cauſe whereof *Macb.* enquiring, is informed lady *Macb.* is dead. Enter a Meſſenger; who tells *Macb.* that as he looked towards *Birnam*, the wood ſeemed to move. *Macb.* orders the alarum-bell to be rung. Exeunt.

Sc. VI. Before *Dunſinane*. Drum and colours. Enter *Malc.* *Seyw.* *Macd.* and their army with boughs. *Malc.* bids them throw down their boughs. Alarum. Exeunt. Enter *Macb.* and ſoon after young *Seyw.* They fight, and the latter is ſlain. Exit *Macb.* Alarums. Enter *Macd.* ſeeking *Macb.* to engage with him. Exit. Enter *Malc.* and *Seyw.* *Seyw.* tells *Malc.* that the caſtle is rendered up, and the battle almoſt won. Exeunt. Alarum. Enter *Macb.* and, after him, *Macd.* They fight. *Macb.* boaſts his ſecurity, for that he *bears a charmed life which*

muſt not yield to one of woman born. *Macd.* bids him, deſpair his charm, for he (*Macd.*) was *from his mother's womb untimely ript.* On this *Macb.* refuſes to fight; but on being provoked by *Macd.* with the name of coward, again engages him, and exeunt fighting.

Sc. VII. Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with drum and colours, *Malc.* *Seyw.* *Roſſe,* Thanes and Soldiers. *Seyw.* is informed that his ſon is dead; but, as he received his wounds on the front, rejoices that he died honourably. Enter *Macd.* with *Macb.'s* head. He and the reſt hail *Malc.* king of *Scotland.* *Malc.* creates the Thanes, Earls; gives thanks to all; and invites them to *Scone,* to ſee him crowned. Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

[a] *An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, [b] and in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere-ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* [c] There to meet with *Macbeth.*

[a] This ſcene is not deſcribed in the fo's; *R. P.* and *H.* call it, *An open heath*; C. *a croſs-way.*

[b] So *H.* and *C.* which ſeems to be the right reading; for the queſtion is not which of the three they ſhould meet in, thunder, lightning, or rain; but when they ſhould meet again for their incantations, theſe meetings of theirs being ſuppoſed to be always accompanied with thunder, lightning, and rain. All the reſt read *or* for *and.*

[c] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C. There I go to meet* Macbeth. But this is certainly wrong; for not only the 3d Witch was going to meet *Macbeth*, but all three: So that if, for the ſake of the meaſure, there needed an alteration, *There* we go *to meet* Macbeth, would have been the proper reading. *C.* reads, *There to meet with* great *Macbeth.*

1 *Witch.* [d] I come, [e] *Grimalkin.*
[f] 2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls—anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through [g] the fog and filthy air.
[h] [*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE II.

[i] *The Palace at* Foris.

[k] *Alarum within.* *Enter King,* Malcolme, Donalbaine, Lenox, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the ſerjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. [l] Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the *King,* the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.
Cap. [m] Doubtful it ſtood,

[d] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* repeat *I come* twice.
[e] The fo's and *R. Gray-Malkin.*
[f] All before *P.* give this ſpeech to *All*: ſo does *C.*
[g] *P.* and *H.* omit *the.*
[h] This direction was firſt put in by *R*; the fo's read only, [*Exeunt.*
[i] This deſcription of the Scene is firſt put in by *T*; the fo's have no deſcription; *R.* and *P.* only, *A Palace*; *C. A camp near* Foris.
[k] So the fo's; all after, except *C.* omit *Alarum within.*
[l] The 1ſt f. and *T.* read *hail* but once.
[m] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C. Doubtful* long *it ſtood*, &c.

As

As two [n] expert ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art. The mercileſs [o] *Macdonald*,
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying [p] villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
[q] Of *Kernes* and [r] *Gallowglaſſes*, [s] is ſupply'd;
And fortune on his damned [t] quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like [u] a rebel's whore: [w] But all 's too weak,
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
[x] Till he fac'd the ſlave;
Which ne'er ſhook hands nor [y] bad farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the [z] nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

[n] All the editions read *ſpent*: But 'tis probable *Shakeſpeare* wrote *'xpert*, cutting off the *e* to make it meaſure, which the editors (not knowing what to make of it) changed into *ſpent*, the traces of the letters being near. *Spent* can here have no meaning; for the ſimile is drawn from two perſons ſwimming for a trial of their ſkill, who can ſwim faſteſt; and as they approach near the goal, they are ſuppoſed to cling together, and ſtrive to hinder each other in their progreſs; an operation inconſiſtent with their being tired and *ſpent*, but well agreeing with their being *expert* in their art.

[o] The 1ſt f. *Macdonwald*; the reſt, *Macdonnel*.

[p] The 2d and 3d fo's, *villaines*.

[q] H. *With* for *Of*.

[r] The 1ſt f. *Gallowgroſſes*.

[s] So all before *P*; he and the reſt, except *C. was* for *is*.

[t] *H. W. J.* and *C. quarrel* for *quarry*. See *Heath* in loc.

[u] H. *the* for *a*.

[w] So all before *P*; he and the reſt, except *C. all* for *all's*.

[x] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *J.* read, *'Till he* had *fac'd*, &c.

[y] The 4th f. and all after, but *C. bid* for *bad*.

[z] *H.* and *W. nape* for *nave*.

King. O valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun [a] 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders [b] break;
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
[c] Diſcomfort ſwells. Mark, king of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping [d] *Kernes* to truſt their heels;
But the *Norweyan* lord, ſurveying 'vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, [e] *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they [f] doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.—

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons,
[g] [*Exeunt ſome with the ſoldier.*

[a] So the copies before *P.* who reads *give* for *'gin*; followed by *H.*

[b] The 1ſt f. omits *break*; the other ſo's and *R.* *breaking* for *break*; *break* is *P.*'s emendation, followed by the reſt.

[c] So the ſo's and *R.* P. *Diſcomfort ſwell'd*; ſo *T.* and *H.* W. *Diſcomfit well'd.* J. *Diſcomforts well'd.* C. *Diſcomfort wells.*

[d] J. *Kermes.*

[e] *H.* and *C.* *brave Macbeth.*

[f] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *doubly.*

[g] This direction put in by *C*

Enter

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

[f] Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.

Len. [g] What haſte looks through his eyes?
[h] So ſhould he look, that [i] ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Roſſe. God ſave the King!

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?

Roſſe. From *Fife*, great king,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himſelf, with [k] terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traytor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, [l] began a diſmal conflict,
'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious [m], arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. [n] And to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. [o] That now
Sweno, [o] the *Norway's* king, craves compoſition:

[f] *P.* and all after, read *But* before *who*.

[g] Firſt f. *What a haſte*, &c.

[h] *Upton* thinks this line ſhould be given to *Malcolme*.

[i] *J.* propoſes, *teems* for *ſeems*.

[k] *P.* alters this to, *numbers terrible*; which gives occaſion to *T.* to ſtop in the following manner, Norway, *himſelf with numbers terrible, aſſiſted*, &c. followed by all after.

[l] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* *'gan*.

[m] In all editions before *T.* the comma is placed after *point*.

[n] *P.* and all after, except *C.* om *And*.

[o] *P.* and all after, omit *That* an *the*.

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint [p] *Colmkil*-iſle,
Ten thouſand dollars, to our general uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt. Go, pronounce his [q] preſent death;
And with his former title [r] greet *Macbeth.*

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
[s] Aroynt thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her huſband 's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o' th' *Tiger*;

[p] The 1ſt f. *Colmes' ynch*; the other fo's, *R.* and *C. Colmes-hill*; the reſt, *Colmes-kill-iſle*, except *H.* who reads as in the text, and gives the following note: "*Colmkil* is one of the Weſtern iſles of "*Scotland*, otherwiſe call'd *Jona*."

[q] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *preſent.*

[r] The three laſt fo's, *great.*

[s] The 3d and 4th fo's, *Aroynt* for *Aroynt.*

But

But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* [t] Thou 'rt kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other.

And the [u] very [w] points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' ſhip-man's card.
[x] I'll drain him dry as hay,
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man [y] forbid;
Weary ſev'n-nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.

1 *Witch.* Here, I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

[t] So the fo's, *R.* and *C*; the reſt, *Thou art* for *Thou'rt*.

[u] *J.* propoſes, *various* for *very*.

[w] All before *P.* read *ports* for *points*.

[x] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C. I will* for *I'll*.

[y] i. e. *interdicted*. As the Pope's legate told K. *John*, "He (the Pope) "hath wholly *interdicted* and curſed "you, for the wrongs you have done "unto the holy church." *Fox*, Vol. I. p 285. *Upton's* Crit. Ob.

All.

All. The [z] weïrd ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo [a].

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to [b] *Foris?*—What are theſe,
So wither'd and ſo wild in their attire?
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips.—You ſhould be women,

[z] So *T. H.* and *C*; the reſt, *weyward.* "*Be aventure* Makbeth *and* Banquho *were paſſand to* Fores, *quhair king* Duncane *hapnit to be for the tyme, and met be ye gait thre women clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the peopill to be weird ſiſteris.* The old *Scotiſh* chron. fol. c. LXXIII. From the *Anglo-Sax.* wyrd, *fatum*, comes, weird ſiſters, *parcæ*. So *Douglaſs* in his tranſlation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* III. *Probibent nam cætera* parcæ *ſcire. The weïrd ſiſteris deſtenis thar ſuld be wit.* And hence comes wizard. *Upton*, Crit. Obſ.

[a] *R.* and all after add, *with ſoldiers and other attendants*, (except *C.* who directs, *Enter* Macb. *and* Banq. *journeying*; *ſoldiers, and others, at a diſtance*). But, as it does not appear that there is any need of them in the ſcene, ſo it is likewiſe improper there ſhould be any witneſſes to what paſſed in it.

[b] All before *P. Soris* for *Foris*.

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Mac. Speak; if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* Hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* Hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems [e] rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay which grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none;
[d] So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail!

Mac. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more;

[e] All before *P.* *wrapt.*

[d] *P.* and *H.* omit *So.*

By [c] *Sinel's* death, I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence, or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch prophetic Greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them. Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Mac. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind.—
Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten [f] of the inſane root,
That takes the Reaſon priſoner?

Mac. Your children ſhall be kings.

Ban. You ſhall be king.

Mac. And Thane of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To th' ſelf-ſame tune, and words. [g] Who's here?

[c] The father of *Macbeth*. P.

[f] The 3 firſt fo's, *on* for *of*.

[g] H. reads, *but who is here?* for *who's here?*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal [h] venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o' th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing [i] afeard of what thyſelf didſt make
Strange images of death. [k] As thick as hail,
Came poſt on poſt, and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence;
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
Only to [l] herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.

h *W.* reads *'venture*, i. e. adventure; followed by *J.*

i So the 3 firſt fo's and *C*; the reſt, *afraid.*

k The fo's read, *As thick as tale Can poſt with poſt*, &c.

l The 1ſt f. *barrold.*

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true!
Mac. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in [m] his borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was combin'd
With [n] thoſe of *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or [o] that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Mac. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind—Thanks for your pains. [*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings? [*To* Banquo.
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to [p] betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—Couſins, a word, I pray you.
[*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Mac. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen—

[m] The 1ſt f. and *C.* omit *his*.
[n] So all before *P.*; ht and all after omit *thoſe of*.
[o] *P.* and *H.* omit *that*.
[p] The fo's and *R.*'s octavo, *betray's* for *betray us*.

This

This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good—If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth [q] unfix my [r] hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent [s] fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, [t] whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner 's rapt.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir. [*Aſide.*

Ban. New honours, come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of uſe.

Mac. Come what come may, [*Aſide.*
[u] Time and the hour runs through the roughеſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Mac. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things [w] forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
[*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.

[q] *W.* unfix for *unfix*.

[r] The *folios*, *beire* for *hair*.

[s] *T.* and all after, except *C.* read *feats* for *fears*. This is *W.*'s emendation.

[t] *H.* reads *whoſe murther's yet but fantaſy*, &c.

[u] *J.* propoſes reading, *Time! ah!—the hour*, &c.

[w] So all before *P.*; he and the reſt, except *C.* *forgot* for *forgotten*.

Are

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true!
Mac. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in [m] his borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was combin'd
With [n] thoſe of *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or [o] that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Mac. *Glamis* and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind—Thanks for your pains. [*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings? [*To* Banquo.
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to [p] betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—Couſins, a word, I pray you.
[*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Mac. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen—

[m] The 1ſt f. and *C.* omit *his*.
[n] So all before *P.*; he and all after omit *thoſe of*.
[o] *P.* and *H.* omit *that*.
[p] The fo's and *R.*'s octavo, *betray's* for *betray us*.

This

This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth [q] unfix my [r] hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent [s] fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, [t] whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner 's rapt.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir. [*Aſide.*

Ban. New honours, come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of uſe.

Mac. Come what come may, [*Aſide.*
[u] Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Mac. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things [w] forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains

[*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.

[q] W. *upfix* for *unfix*.

[r] The fo's, *beire* for *hair*.

[s] *T.* and all after, except *C.* read *feats* for *fears*. This is *W.*'s emendation.

[t] *H.* reads *whoſe murther's yet but fantaſy*, &c.

[u] *J.* propoſes reading, *Time! on!—the hour*, &c.

[w] So all before *P.*; he and the reſt, except *C. forgot* for *forgotten*.

Are

[x] Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time, [*To Ban.*
The interim having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. 'Till then enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

[y] SCENE VI.

[z] *The Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor?* [a]
[b] Are not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons,
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life

[x] De me autem, quantas debeo gratias paternæ benignitati veſtræ, ſcribendo non ſufficio reddere. Sed eas in *chartâ* cordis mei ſcriptas lego *aſſiduè*. Anſelm. Paſchali Pontif. ap. Ead. p. 93.

[y] In the fo's, *R.* and *C.* this is made the 4th Scene.

[z] *R.* firſt deſcribes the ſcene.

[a] After *Cawdor P.* adds *yet*, followed by all but *C.*

[b] The 1ſt f. *T. W.* and *J.* *Or* for *Are*.

Became

Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he [c] ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There' s no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

[d] O worthieſt couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before;
The ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would, thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to ſay,
[e] More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Mac. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it pays itſelf. Your Highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing,
[f] Safe toward your [g] love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

[c] W. *own'd* for *ow'd*; but *Shakeſpeare* uſes them both in the ſame ſenſe.

[d] *H.* reads, *O my moſt worthy couſin.*

[e] *H.* reads, *More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.*

[f] So all before *H.* who reads *Shap'd* for *Safe*; W. *Fief'd*; *T.* propoſes, *Fiefs*; Heath, *Serves*; J. —*in doing nothing, ſave toward your love*, &c.

[g] W. *life* for *love.*

To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, [h] nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo. Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, [i] *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*; which honour muſt,
Not [k] unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers. [l] From hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Mac. The prince of *Cumberland!*—That is a ſtep [*Aſide.*
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap,

[h] So all before *R*; he and all after, except *C.* *and* for *nor*. But perhaps there was no need of an emendation: for we have here only the double negative, which *Shakeſpeare* ſometimes makes uſe of; 'Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd than *Macbeth*, nor muſt thou *no leſs* (*any leſs*, we ſhould ſay) be known to have deſerved.

[i] Before *Thanes* H. inſerts *and*.

[k] *W.* reads *accompanied*, an error of the preſs, followed by *J.*

[l] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *From*.

For

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let [m] not [n] light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; [o] he is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. [p] Let 's after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [[q] *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

[r] SCENE VII.

[s] *An apartment in* Macbeth's *Caſtle at* Inverneſs.

Enter [t] *Lady* Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learn'd by* [u] *the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd.* [w] *Whiles*

[m] H. *no* for *not.*

[n] W. *Night* for *light.*

[o] H. *he is full of valour,* &c.

[p] *P.* and all after, *Let us* for *Let's.*

[q] The 3 laſt fo's, *P. H.* and *C.* omit *Flouriſh.*

[r] This is the 5th Scene, in the fo's, *R.* and *C.*

[s] There is no deſcription of the ſcene in the fo's; *R.* firſt gives the above, except the words, *at Inverneſs,* which are added by *P.*

[t] The fo's, *Macbeth's wife.*

[u] W. *the perfected report,* i. e. the prediction fulfilled.

[w] *P.* and all after, except *C. while* for *whiles.*

I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the king, who [x] *all-hail'd me,* Thane *of* Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weïrd ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with* Hail king that ſhall be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs, that thou might'ſt not* [y] *loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*—and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet [z] do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou would'ſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win; thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, Thus thou muſt do, if thou have [a] it;
[b] And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. [c] Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that [d] impedes thee from the golden round,

x The 3 laſt fo's and *R. all hail'd* for *all-hail'd.*

y The two 1ſt fo's, *hoſe* for *loſe.*

z *P.* and *H.* omit *do*; the laſt *f.* and *R. I do* for *do I.*

a *J.* ſays it is neceſſary to read *me* for *it.* Not at all neceſſary, Dr. *J.* *That which, if thou wouldſt have it, cries "Thus thou muſt do."*

b C. *And that's what rather,* &c.

c The three 1ſt fo's, *High* for *Hie.*

d The 3 laſt fo's and *R. thee hinders* for *impedes thee.*

Which

Which fate and [e] metaphyſical aid doth [f] ſeem
To have [g] thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſſ. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou 'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, were 't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming,
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
[h] Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven [i] himſelf is hoarſe,

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, [k] you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of [l] direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep [m] peace between
Th' [n] effect, and [o] it. Come to my woman's breaſts,

[e] H. *metaphyſic.*

[f] *J.* propoſes, *ſeek* for *ſeem.* See *Heath* in loc.

[g] W. *crown'd thee* for *thee crown'd.*

[h] The three 1ſt fo's, *Then.*

[i] W. *himſelf s* not *hoarſe*, &c. See *Heath.*

[k] *P.* and all after, inſert *all* before *you.*

[l] *W.* and *J. direct* for *direſt.*

[m] *J.* propoſes, *pace* for *peace.*

[n] The 2d f. *effect.*

[o] The 1ſt and 2d fo's, *bit* for *it.*

And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters,
Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief. Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [p] [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent [q], and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.

Mac. [r] My deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. O never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee.
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book where men
May read ſtrange matters [s]. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under 't. He, that 's coming,
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,

p This direction firſt given by *R.*

q After *preſent P.* and all after add *time.*

r *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *My.*

s The period is placed at the end of this line, in the fo's, *R.* and *P.*

Which

Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

Mac. We will ſpeak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

[r] SCENE VIII.

[s] *Before* Macbeth's *Caſtle-Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our [t] gentle [u] ſenſes.

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting [w] martlet, does approve
By his lov'd [x] manſionry that [y] the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No [z] jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle;

r This is Scene VI. in the fo's, *R.* and *C.*

s The ſcene not deſcribed in the fo's.

t W. *general ſenſe.*

u C. *ſenſe.*

w The fo's, *bartlet.*

x The fo's, *R.* and *P.'s* quarto, *manſonry*; *P.'s* duodecimo and *H* *maſonry.*

y *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *the.*

z *P.* and all after, except *J.* *jutting.*

Where they [a] muſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, [b] ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you [c] ſhall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſervice,
In every point twiçe done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your [d] hermits.

King. Where 's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand,

a So the fo's; the reſt, *moſt* for *muſt*.

b The fo's, *R.* and *C. ſometime is our*, &c, *P. ſometime's our*, &c.

c So the fo's, *R.*'s octavo, *H.* and *C*; the reſt, *ſhould* for *ſhall*.

d The 1ſt f. *Ermites*.

Conduct

Conduct me to mine hoſt, we love him highly;
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

[e] SCENE IX.

[f] *An Apartment in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a [g] *Sewer, and divers Servants with diſhes and ſervice over the ſtage. Then enter* Macbeth.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if th' aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With [h] his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow

[e] In the fo's, *R.* and *C.* Scene VII.

[f] No deſcription of the ſcene in the fo's.

[g] None but the fo's and *C.* mention *a ſewer.*

[h] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* read *its* for *bis*; whereby the paſſage is obſcured, and *J.* has been led to propoſe an emendation, viz. *With its ſucceſs, ſurceaſe*, &c. i. e. with ſucceſs in the aſſaſſination, a ſurceaſe of farther fear and anxiety. This I ſuppoſe is *J.*'s meaning. But had the modern editors retained the old reading *bis*, they would have met with no difficulty herein: for *bis* refers to *Duncan*; and the meaning is this, If the aſſaſſination of *Duncan* would ſecure me the conſequence I aim at, *viz.* the quiet poſſeſſion of his crown, and procure me with his *ſurceaſe*, or death, ſucceſs to my ambitious deſigns; that but this one blow might be all I had to do, and that nothing was to be feared *here*, in this life, afterwards; we'd jump the life to come; I would ſkip over thoſe thoughts that regard a ſtate beyond the grave, I would venture the future judgment. But in theſe caſes of murther, we ſtill have judgment *here*. And this is agreeable to the common opinion, that murder will out, ſome time or other, and receive its puniſhment in this world.

Might

Might be the Be-all and the [i] End-all here,
But here, upon this bank and [k] ſchool of time,
We 'd jump the life to come.—But in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
[l] To plague th' inventor; [m] this even-handed juſtice
[n] Commends [o] th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne [p] his [q] faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, [r] againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs [s] couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on th' other—

i R. *End of all*, &c.

k *T. H. J.* and *C. ſhoal*; W. *ſhelve*.

l The three laſt fo's and *R.* omit this line.

m *P. T. H.* and *W.* omit *this*.

n So the 1ſt f. *J.* and *C*; the other fo's and *R. To plague* for *Commends*; *P.* and the reſt, *Returns* for *Commends*.

o The fo's, *R.* and *C.* th' *ingredience*.

p The three laſt fo's, *this* for *his*.

q The two laſt fo's, *R.* and *P. faculty*.

r J. *again*.

s The fo's, *curriers*; *T. H.* and *W. courſers*.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. [t] He has almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all [u] ſorts of people,
Which [w] would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou [x] afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Wouldſt thou have that,
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
[y] And live a coward in thine own eſteem,

[t] So the fo's, *R.* and *C*; *H. He hath*; the reſt, *He's* for *He has*.

[u] *T. W.* and *J. ſort*.

[w] H. *ſhould* for *would*.

[x] So the three 1ſt fo's and *C*; the reſt, *afraid*.

[y] *J.* would read *So* for *And*. But what need of this alteration? the ſenſe is plain enough; Wouldſt thou (doſt thou deſire to) have that, which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life, and (yet, or at the ſame time) live a coward in thine own eſteem, (by) letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*, &c.

Letting

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?
Mac. Pr'ythee peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares [z] do more, is none.
Lady. What beaſt was 't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then [a] adhere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I [b] but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.
Mac. If we ſhould fail?—
Lady. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall [c] his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only. When in ſwiniſh ſleep

[z] The fo's, *no* for *do*.
[a] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* *co-here* for *adhere*.
[b] The 1ſt f. omits *but*.
[c] *P.* and *H.* *this* for *his*.

Their

Their drenched natures [d] lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Mac. Bring forth men-children only:
For thy undaunted [e] metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Mac. I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

[d] The 1ſt f. *lyes.*

[e] The three firſt fo's and *C. Mettle.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[f] Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a Torch before him.*

Ban. HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There 's huſbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep. Merciful powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a ſervant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword. Who's there?

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king 's a-bed.

[f] The ſcene not deſcribed in the fo's; all the reſt till *F.* call it *a hall.* C. *Court within the Caſtle.*

He

He hath [g] been in unuſual pleaſure, and
Sent [h] forth [i] great largeſs to your officers.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs, [k] and 's [l] ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Ban. [m] All 's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three [n] weïrd ſiſters;
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.

Mac. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
[o] We would ſpend [p] it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your [q] kind'ſt leiſure.

Mac. [r] If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,

g Here *P.* inſerts *to-night*, followed by all after.

h *P.* and all after omit *forth*.

i The three laſt fo's and *R.* inſert *a* before *great*.

k So *H.* and *C*; the reſt, *and* for *and's*.

l The three laſt fo's and *R. ſhut it up*, &c.

m *H.* and *C. All's very well.*

n See Act I. Sc. 3. Note z.

o *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *We*.

p *R.* omits *it in*.

q So the two 1ſt fo's and *C*; the reſt, *kind* for *kind'ſt*.

r That is, if you ſhall cleave to that party which conſents to my advancement, when ever the opportunity may offer. *Heath.*

But I ſhould rather think ſomething is loſt here, of the following purport:

Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.—
" Thoſe lookers into fate, that hail'd you, *Cawdor!*
Did alſo hail you, king! and I do truſt,
Moſt worthy *Thane*, you would *conſent* to accept
What your deſerts would grace, when offer'd you."

Mac. If you ſhall cleave, &c.

It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.

Mac. Good repoſe the while!

Ban. Thanks, ſir; the like to you.

[*Exeunt* Ban. * *and* Fle.

SCENE II.

Mac. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit ſervant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee as yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt—I ſee thee ſtill;

* All before *T.* omit *and Fleance.*

And

[s] And on thy blade and dudgeon, [u] gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing.—
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
[w] Thus to mine eyes.—[x] Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; [y] now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and [z] wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl 's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* raviſhing [a] ſtrides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.—Thou [b] ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, [c] which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate [d] of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—[e] Whiles I threat, he lives—
[f] Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[s] Certainly, if *on* the blade, then *on* the *dudgeon*; for *dudgeon* ſignifies a ſmall dagger. We ſhould read therefore, *And on* the *blade* of th' *dudgeon*, &c. *W.*

A dudgeon ſignifies a haft as well as a dagger. See *Lye's* Etymologicon. *Heath.*

[u] *Gouttes*, drops, *Fr. P.*

[w] *R. P.* and *H. This* for *Thus.*

[x] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C*, *Now o'er one half the world*, &c.

[y] All before *R.* omit *now.*

[z] A lady propoſes, *with her* for *wither'd.*

[a] All before *P.* read *ſides* for *ſtrides.* *J.* propoſes, *With* Tarquin *raviſhing*, ſlides *towards*, &c. Vide *Heath* in loc.

[b] This is *P.'s* emendation. The fo's and *R.* read *ſowre*, *ſowr*, *ſour.* *C. ſure.*

[c] All before *R.* read, *which they may walk*, &c.

[d] H. *of that we're about*, &c.

[e] So the fo's; *C. while*; the reſt, *whilſt* for *whiles.*

[f] This line is omitted by *P.* and *H.* in the text, but preſerved in the margin.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me; [*A bell rings.*
Hear it not, *Duncan*; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

[f] SCENE III.

Enter Lady [g] Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night — He is about it —
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I have drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Who 's there? what ho? —

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us — hark! — I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em. — Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done 't — My huſband?

[f] This is Sc. II. in the fo's and *C.*

[g] The fo's, *R. P. T.* and *W.* omit *Macbeth.*

Mac.

Mac. I have done the deed.—Didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Mac. When?

Lady. Now.

Mac. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Mac. Hark!—who lies i' th' ſecond chamber?

Lady. *Donalbain.*

Mac. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Mac. There 's one did laugh in 's ſleep, and one cry'd
murther!
[h] That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and [i] addreſs them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd, God bleſs us, and, Amen, the other;
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands;
Liſtning their fear, I could not ſay, Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought [k]
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

[h] *P.* and all after, except *C.* alter this line as follows,
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them.

[i] *T. W.* and *J.* *addreſs* for *addreſs'd*

[k] *H.* and *C.* add *on* after *thought.*

Mac. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more;
Macbeth does murther sleep; the innocent sleep;
[l] Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd [m] sleave of care,
[n] The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature 's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—"

Lady. What do you mean?

Mac. Still it cry'd, "Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murther'd sleep: And therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!"

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,

[l] *P.* and *H.* omit this line in their text.

[m] All the copies spell this word *sleeve*. *Sleave* signifies the ravell'd knotty gouty parts of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. So that sleep is said, by a very expressive metaphor, to knit up and reduce to order all that confusion and vexation in which our cares and solicitudes had involved our waking thoughts. *Heath.*

[n] *W.* reads, *The* birth *of each day's life*, &c. Perhaps *Shakespeare* wrote, *The death of each day's* grief, &c.

That fears a painted devil. If he [o] do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

Mac. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, [p] when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here! hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
[q] The multitudinous ſea [r] incarnadine,
[s] Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white; I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſy is it then! Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—Hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers. Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. [t] To know my deed, 'twere beſt not know myſelf.
[[u] *Knock.*
Wake, *Duncan,* with [w] thy knocking. [x] I would thou could'ſt!
[*Exeunt.*

o *P.* and *H.* omit *do.*

p Πᾶν μοι φοβερὸν τὸ προσέρπον. *Æſchyl.* ed. *Stanl.* p. 18.

q *P.* and *H.* omit this line in their text.

r All but *R. T.* and *C. incarnardine.*

s *P.* and *H. Make the green ocean red.*

t *H.* reads, *T'unknow,* &c.

u All but fo's, *R.* and *C.* omit this direction here.

w So the fo's; the reſt, *this* for *thy.*

x *P.* and all after, omit *I.*

[y] SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

[z] *Porter.* Here 's a knocking indeed; if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who 's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub?* here 's a farmer that hang'd himſelf [a] on th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you 'll ſweat for 't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who 's there in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an [b] equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: Oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who 's there? Faith, here 's an [c] *Engliſh* taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in, taylor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell.

[y] This is called the 3d ſcene in the fo's and *C.*

[z] This comic part is omitted in the text of *P.* and *H.* but inſerted in the margin.

[a] *P.* and *H. in* for *on.*

[b] Meaning a Jeſuit; an order ſo troubleſome to the ſtate in Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the Firſt's times. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation. *W.*

[c] The archneſs of he joke conſiſts in this, that a *French* hoſe being very ſhort and ſtraight, a taylor muſt be maſter of his trade who could ſteal any thing from thence. *W.*

I 'll

I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie ſo late?

Porter. Faith, ſir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock; and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink eſpecially provoke?

Porter. Marry, ſir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand [d] to, and not ſtand [d] to; in concluſion, equivocates him [e] in a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

Port. That it did, ſir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took [f] up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

[d] The 1ſt f. *too.*
[e] R. and all after, except C. *into* for *in.*
[f] *W.* and *J.* omit *up.*

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good morrow, noble ſir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited ſervice.

[*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. [g] He does: he did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, ſtrange ſtreams of death,
[h] And propheſying, with accents terrible,
Of dire [i] combuſtion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time: the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[g] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *He does.*

[h] *W.* propoſes, for *And*, *Aunts*, i. e. Matrons, old women.

[i] So the 1ſt f. *T. W.* and *J*; the reſt, *combuſtions.*

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
[k] Tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name thee—

Macb. and *Lenox.* What 's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece;
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is 't you ſay? the life?—

Len. Mean you his Majeſty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves. Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.

Ring the alarum-bell—murther! and treaſon!
Banquo, and *Donalbain*, [l] *Malcolm*, awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf—Up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image—*Malcolm!* [l] *Banquo!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror.—[m] Ring the bell.

[k] *P.* and *H.* *Or tongue or heart,* &c. *T. W.* and *J.* *Nor tongue nor heart,* &c.

[l] *H.* reads *Donalbain* for *Banquo.*

[m] *T.* and all after omit *Ring the bell.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady [n] Macbeth.

Lady. What 's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? [o] Speak, ſpeak.
Macd. [p] O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*!
Our royal maſter 's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What in our houſe?—
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
[q] Dear *Duff*, I pr'ythee, [r] contradict thyſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, [s] *and* Roſſe.

Mach. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for from this inſtant,

[n] The fo's omit *Macbeth*.

[o] *P.* and all after, except *C.* read *ſpeak* but once.

[p] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *O.*

[q] So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C. Macduff* for *Dear* Duff.

[r] The three laſt fo's, *contract* for *contradict*.

[s] *C.* omits *and* Roſſe.

There

There 's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown, and grace, [t] is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, *and* Donalbain.

Don. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done 't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
[u] As no man's life was to be truſted with them.

Macb. O, yet do I repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his [w] golden blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin 's waſteful entrance; there the murtherers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

[t] H. *are for is.*

[u] *As* is here added by *H.* and *C.* which is in no other edition; but this emendation ſeems neceſſary.

[w] *P.* and *H.* read *goary* for *golden*

Unman-

[x] Unmannerly breech'd with gore; Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!— [[y] *Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the lady [z].

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid [a] within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let 's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow
[b] Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. [c] Look to the lady. [[d] *Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us.
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous malice.

x *W.* reads, *Unmanly reeeb'd*, &c. *P.* propoſes, *Unmanly drench'd*, &c. Heath, *In a manner lay drench'd*, &c. But I would defend the old reading, by this interpretation, *their naked daggers were covered with gore:* This might be *Shakeſpeare's* firſt thought; but, his poetic genius not ſuffering him to deliver it in plain proſe, *Nakedneſs* ſuggeſted to him the word *unmannerly*, and *covered*, the word *breeches*, the covering of nakedneſs; and ſo by a bold figure, he turns the daggers into men.

y This direction put in by *R.*

z Here *C.* directs, [*gather about her.*

a Firſt f. *in* for *within.*

b *P.* and all after, except *C. on* for *upon.*

c H. *Look* there *to*, &c.

d This direction put in by *R.*

Macb. And [e] ſo do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but* Mal. *and* Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not conſort with them.
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy. I 'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland* I: our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There 's daggers in men's ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous ſhaft that 's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to [f] horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there 's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals itſelf when there 's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

[e] Pl. and all after, except C. omit *And.* [f] The three laſt fo's, *houſe* for *horſe.*

SCENE

[g] SCENE VI.

[h] *The Outside of* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Roſſe *with an old Man.*

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange: but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. [i] Ha, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
[k] Threaten [l] his bloody ſtage. By th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light [m] ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan's* horſes (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!)

g This is called the fourth ſcene in the fo's and *C*; and the 2d in *R*.

h *T.* firſt deſcribes the ſcene.

i So the fo's; the reſt, *Ah* for *Ha*.

k The fo's, *Threatens*.

l So all before *T.* who reads *this* for *his*; followed by *W.* and *J.*

m The 2d f. *ſhall* for *ſhould*.

Beauteous

Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of [n] their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, [o] flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with [p] mankind.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo, to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good *Macduff*.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, ſee you not?

Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.

Roſſe. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They [q] were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill;—
Thriftleſs ambition! that will [r] raven [s] upon
Thine own [t] life's means.—[u] Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is *Duncan's* body?

[n] *T.* reads *the* for *their*, with great probability.

[o] The two firſt fo's, *ſlong* for *ſlung*.

[p] P. and all after, *man* for *mankind*.

[q] *T.*'s octavo, *are* for *were*.

[r] *T.* and all after, *ravin* for *raven*.

[s] The firſt f. *T.* and all after him, *up* for *upon*.

[t] Fo's and *R. lives*.

[u] H. *Why then it is moſt like, &c.*

TO A

Macd.

Macd. Carried to [w] *Colmkil*,
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.

Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*

Macd. No, couſin, I'll to *Fife.*

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there (adieu!)
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new.

Roſſe. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you [x], and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

[w] *R. P. T.* and *W. Colmes-hill*; J. *Colmes-kill.*

[x] After *you* the three laſt fo's, *R.* and *C.* read *Sir.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

[y] *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. THOU haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
[z] As the [a] weïrd [b] women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for 't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

y Not deſcribed in the fo's; *R. P.* and *H. A royal apartment.*

z *P.* and all after, except *G.* omit *As.*

a See note z upon Act I. Sc. III.

b The two laſt fo's, *woman* for *women.*

[c] *Trumpets ſound. Enter* Macbeth *as King,* [d] *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here 's our chief gueſt.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And [e] all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

Ban. [f] Lay your [g] Highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody couſins are beſtow'd

[c] The fo's, *Senit ſounded*, &c.

[d] The fo's, *Lady Lenox, &c.* But this ſeems only an omiſſion of a comma; it ſhould have been printed, *Lady, Lenox, &c.* where *Lady* ſtands for *Lady Macbeth.*

[e] The firſt f. *all-thing* for *all things.*

[f] The fo's, *Let* for *Lay.*

[g] R. *Highneſs's.*

In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie [h] you to horſe. Adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call [i] upon 's.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. — [*Exit* Banquo.
Let every man be maſter of his time
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone; [k] while then, God be with you.
[l] *Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

SCENE II.

Manent Macbeth *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Serv.*] To be thus
is nothing;

h *P.* and all after omit *you.*

i So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* *upon us* for *upon's.*

k So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* *till* for *while.*

l The ſo's, *Exeunt Lords* only.

But to be ſafely thus—Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep;- and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; [m] as, it is ſaid,
[n] *Mark Anthony's* was by [o] *Cæſar*. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. [p] If 't be ſo,
[q] For *Banquo's* iſſue have I [r] fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings, the [s] ſeed of *Banquo* Kings.

m *J.* propoſes rejecting the following words, *as, it is ſaid*, Mark Anthony's *was by* Cæſar.

n *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *Mark.*

o H. *Cæſar's.*

p *P.* and all after, except *C. If 'tis ſo, &c.*

q *P.* makes the following ſentences interrogative, as far as—Banquo *kings?* But the words *If 't be ſo* prove them to be affirmative.

r The two laſt fo's, *fill'd* for *fil'd*; W. *'filed*, i. e. *defiled.*

s The fo's and *R. Seeds.*

Rather than ſo, [t] come Fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance!—Who 's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

[u] Now go to the door, and ſtay there, 'till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb. Well then, now
[w] Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conference, paſt in probation with you,
How you were born in hand; how croſt; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* [x] You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now

[t] This paſſage will be beſt explained by tranſlating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la deſtinée ſe rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un deſi à l' outrance.* A challenge, or combat *à l'outrance, to extremity,* was a fixed term in the law of arms, uſed when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum,* an intention to deſtroy each other, in oppoſition to trials of ſkill at feſtivals, or on other occaſions, where the conteſt was only for reputation or a prize. The ſenſe therefore is, *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the ſons of* Banquo, *enter the liſts againſt me, with the utmoſt animoſity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* J.

[u] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *Now.*

[w] The two laſt ſo's, *R. P. T. H. W.* and *J. You have,* for *Have you.*

[x] This ſpeech *P.* alters thus, *True, you made it known*; followed by all after, except *C.*

Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water rugs, and demy-wolves are [y] cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
[z] Not i' th' worſt rank of manhood, ſay 't;
And I will put [a] that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, [b] my Liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

y All before *T.* *clipt* for *cleped.*

z So the fo's; all after, *And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it,* &c.

a The two laſt fo's, *R.* *P.* and *H.* *the* for *that.*

b *P.* and all after, except *C,* omit *my Liege.*

Have

[c] Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do to ſpight the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with [d] diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,
[e] Whom I myſelf ſtruck down; and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. [f] Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o' th' time,
The moment on 't; for 't muſt be done to-night,

[c] Fo's, *Hath* for *Have*.
[d] W. *diſaſtrous tuggs with*, &c.
[e] Fo's, *R.* and *C. Who*.
[f] *P.* and all after, except *C. In* or *Within*.

And ſomething from the palace: (g always thought,
That I require a clearneſs) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, h my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight. Abide within.

[*Exeunt Murtherers.*

It is concluded.—*Banquo*, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

i SCENE III.

k *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

g *Macbeth* means that the murtherers muſt in every ſtep remember, he requires not to be ſuſpected of the fact; to ſtand clear from all imputations, which might affect him in the opinions of the people.

P. omits thi sparentheſis.

h *H.* omits, *my Lord.*

i This is ſcene 2d, in the fo's and *C.*

k No deſcription of the ſcene before *T.* who gives the above.

Serv.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought 's had, all 's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content.
'Tis [m] ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone,
Of ſorryeſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What 's done, is done.

Macb. We have [n] ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it:
She 'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
[o] But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our [p] place, have ſent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſy. — *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;

[m] H. *better* for *ſafer.*
[n] All before *T. ſcorch'd* for *ſcotch'd.*
[o] *P.* and all after, except *C.* read, *But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer, &c.*
[p] The firſt f. *peace* for *place.*

Gentle

Gentle my Lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial [q] among your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance [r] ſtill apply to *Banquo*.
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe [s] flattering ſtreams, and make our faces
[t] Vizards to our hearts, diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife;
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, [u] lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy 's not [w] eterne.

Macb. There 's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight; ere to black *Hecate's* ſummons
The [x] ſhard-born beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, [y] ſeeling night,

[q] So the firſt f. and *C.*; the reſt, *'mong* for *among*.

[r] The firſt f. and *C.* omit *ſtill*.

[s] *R.* and all after, except *C.* add *ſo* after *theſe*.

[t] *T.* and all after, except *H.* and *C. vizors*.

[u] H. *live* for *lives*.

[w] *P.* and all after, except *C. eternal* for *eterne*.

[x] *Shards* are properly rubbiſh. Cotgrave. *Heath*.

[y] *R.* and *P. ſealing*. *Seeling* is blinding; a term in *falconry*, when they run a thread through the eyelids of a hawk firſt taken, ſo that ſhe may ſee very little, or not at all, to make her the better endure the hood. This they call *ſeeling* a hawk. *T.*

Skarf

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invifible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. [z] Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their [a] prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill.
So, pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[b] SCENE IV.

[c] *A Park, the Caſtle at a diſtance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not [d] our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.

[z] *W.* propoſes *Night* for *Light.*

[a] The fo's, *R.* and *C.* *preys* for *prey.*

[b] This is ſcene 3d in the fo's and *C*; in *R.* ſcene 2d.

[c] The ſcene not deſcribed in the fo's.

[d] *P.* *to* for *our*; whereby he ſuppoſes *He*, in this ſpeech, to refer to *Macb.* but it evidently refers to the 3d murtherer, whoſe account of the directions *Macb.* had given regarding the murther, agreed with thoſe of the other two, and took off all reaſon for their diſtruſt. This was taken notice of by *T.*

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the [c] lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; [f] and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.

Banquo within. Give [g] us [h] a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* [i] Then 'tis he; the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile; but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [[k] *They aſſault* Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly [l] good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'ſt revenge.—O ſlave. [[k] *Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

[c] The three laſt fo's and *R. lateſt* for *lated.*

[f] Firſt f. *end* for *and.*

[g] *H.* omits *us.*

[h] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *a.*

[i] *C.* omits *Then.*

[k] No direction in fo's.

[l] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *good.*

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

[m] SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Caſtle.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down:
[n] At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt;
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [o] *They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

[m] This in the fo's and *C.* is ſcene 4; in *R.* ſcene 3. The ſcene not deſcribed in fo's.

[n] *P. H.* and *C. And* for *At*; *J.* preposes *To.*

[o] No direction in fo's.

Both

Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i' th' midſt.
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.

[p *To the Murtherer aſide, at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than q he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; r that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt s o' th' cut-throats; yet he 's good,
That did the like for *Fleance*; if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is ſcap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the caſing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts and fears.—But *Banquo* 's ſafe?

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;—
There the grown ſerpent lies; the worm that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll t hear ourſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*

p No direction in fo's.
q *H.* and *C. him for he.*
r *P.* and *H. I did that for him.*
s *P.* and all after, except *C. of cut-throats*, &c.
t *H.* and *C. hear thee*, &c. *T. W.* and *J. bear't*, &c.

Lady.

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is [u] ſold,
That is not often vouch'd (while 'tis [w] a making)
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it,

[[x] *The Ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite
And health on both!

Len. May 't pleaſe your Highneſs ſit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent,
[y] Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance.

Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe 't your Highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table 's full. [[z] *Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord. What is 't that moves your Highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

u *P.* and *H.* *cold* for *ſold.*

w All but the firſt f. and *C.* omit *a.*

x The fo's, *Enter the ghoſt* of Banquo, *and ſits,* &c.

y All before *P.* read *who*; he and all after, but *C.* *whom*; but *who* is frequently uſed as an accuſative by *Shakeſpeare.*

z No direction in the fo's.

Macb.

Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends. My Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep ſeat.
The fit is [a] momentary, [b] upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him and extend his paſſion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[[c] *To* Macbeth *aſide.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. [d] O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, theſe flaws and ſtarts,
[e] Impoſtors to true fear, would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you? [[f] *Pointing at the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I? if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend

a The three laſt fo's, *momentany.*

b *P.* and all after, except *C.* *on* for *upon.*

c No direction in the fo's.

d *P.* and *H.* omit *O.*

e *F.* propoſes, *Impoſtures true to fear, &c. C.* reads, *Impoſtures of true fear, &c.*

f This direction not in fo's.

Thoſe,

Thoſe, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [* *The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, [a] i' th' olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the [b] gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murthers [c] have been perform'd
Too terrible for [d] the ear; the times [e] have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I [f] do forget—
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. [g] Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full— [h]
I drink to th' general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs;

* No direction in the firſt f; the other fo's, [*Exit ghoſt.*

a *R.'s* octavo, *i' th' old time*, &c.

b *T. W.* and *C. gen'ral* for *gentle.*

c J. *bath* for *have.*

d *P.* and all after, except *C. th' ear* for *the ear.*

e Firſt f. *has* for *have.*

f *P.* and *H. forgot* for *do forget.*

g *P.* and *H.* omit *Come.*

h The fo's and *R.* make the Ghoſt riſe again here.

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
[1] And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

[[k] *The ghoſt riſes again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! [l] Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
[m] Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or [n] th' *Hyrcan* tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: [o] or be alive again,
And dare me to the deſart with thy ſword;
[p] If trembling I in habit then, [q] proteſt me

[i] *i. e.* all good wiſhes to all: ſuch as he had named above, *love, health and joy.* W.

[k] Fo's, *Enter Ghoſt.*

[l] ὃν δὲ καταθανόντα γαῖα κεύθει. Io de Argi Spectro, Æſch. ed. Stanl. p. 62.

[m] ὁ δὲ πορεύεται δόλιον ὄμμ' ἔχων. ibid. v. præced.

[n] For *th' Hyrcan, P. T. W. H.* and *C.* read *Hyrcanian*; J. *Hyrcan.*

[o] *R.* reads *O* for *or*; *P.* and *H.* omit *or.*

[p] The firſt f. reads and points, *If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt me,* &c. the other fo's, *R.* and *J. If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt me,* &c. *P.* and the reſt, *If trembling I* inhibit, *then proteſt me,* &c. *J.* propoſes, *evade it,* for *inhabit.* I would read and point as in the text above; or as follows: *If trembling I, in habit then proteſt me the baby of a girl,* &c.

[q] The 4th f. *proteſt* for *proteſt.*

The baby of a girl. Hence, [r] horrible ſhadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! [[s] *The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*] Why, ſo—
[t] being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you ſit ſtill. [[u] *The Lords riſe.*
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting
With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. [w] Can ſuch things be,
And [x] overcome us, like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I [y] owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your [z] cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What [a] ſights, my Lord?
Lady. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him. At once, good night.

r *T.*'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* *terrible* for *horrible.*

s In the three laſt fo's, [*Exit.* The firſt f. has no direction.

t The two laſt fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* read *be* for *being.*

u This direction not in the fo's. Qu. Whether it would not be moſt proper for the Lords to riſe immediately upon *Macbeth*'s breaking out, *Avaunt, and quit my ſight*, &c. and that upon perceiving them ſtanding, after he had recovered from his fright, it is, that he ſays, *Pray you ſit ſtill.*

w *W.* reads *Can't* for *Can*; and makes this ſentence down to *wonder*, a part of the Lady's foregoing ſpeech.

x *W.* interprets overcome, *deceive*; but *overcome* ſeems here to have the ſame meaning with *come over.* See Dr. *Hurd*'s note on the *Callida junctura* of *Horace.*

y *Owe*, the ſame as *own.*

z *H. J.* and *C.* read *cheek* for *cheeks*, for the ſake (I ſuppoſe) of the concord with the verb *is*; but it is the *Ruby* of the cheeks, and not the *cheek*, that is *blanch'd.*

a The three laſt fo's, *ſigns* for *ſights.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!

Lady. [b] A kind good-night to all.

[*Exeunt* Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood, they ſay, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
[c] Augurs that [d] underſtood relations, have
[e] By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend.
[f] There's not a one of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
([g] And betimes I will) [h] to the [i] weïrd ſiſters;
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
[k] Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more.

b *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *A kind.*

c The fo's, *Augures, and underſtood relations,* &c.

d *W.* and *J.* *underſtand* for *underſtood.*

e So all before *P*; he and all after, *By mag-pies, and by choughs,* &c.

f *P. There is not one,* &c. *T.* and all after, *There 's not a* Thane *of,* &c.

g *P.* and all after omit *And.*

h *P.* and all after, *unto* for *to.*

i The three laſt fo's and *R.* *wizard* for *weïrd.*

k The three laſt fo's and *R.* *Spent* for *Stept.*

Returning

Returning were as tedious as [l] go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.
Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.
Macb. Come, we'll [m] to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear that wants hard uſe:
We are yet but young [n] in deed, [*Exeunt.*

[o] SCENE VI.

[p] *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat?* you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reaſon, Beldams, as you are?
Saucy and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with *Macbeth,*
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?

[l] H. *going* for *go.*
[m] W. *too* for *to.*
[n] So *T. W. J.* and *C*; H. *in deeds*; the reſt, *indeed.*
[o] In the fo's and *C.* ſcene 5; in *R.* ſcene 4.
[p] No deſcription in fo's.

And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a [q] wayward ſon,
Spightful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i' th' morning; thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide
I am for th' air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, [r] and a fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, diſtill'd by magic ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſic and a ſong.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in [s] a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

[q] *P. T. W. J.* and *C.* read *wey-ward.*

[r] *P.* and all after omit *and a.*

[s] *R.* and all after, except *C. the* for *a.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

[t] *A Chamber.*

Enter Lenox, *and another Lord.*

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*—marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may ſay, if 't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
[w] Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous [x]
It was for *Malcolm* and for *Donalbain*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How [y] it did grieve *Macbeth!* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, [z] and wiſely too:

[t] In the fo's and *C.* ſcene 6; in *R.* ſcene 5.

[u] No deſcription in the fo's, *R. P.* and *H.*

[w] The meaning here ſhould ſeem to be, *Who* can *want the thought*, &c. or, *Who cannot* have *the thought*, &c. *H.*

[x] *P.* and all after, except *C.* add *too* after *monſtrous.*

[y] *P.* and all after, except *C.* *did it* for *it did.*

[z] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *and.*

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I ſay,
He has born all things well; and I do think,
That had he *Duncan's* ſons under * his key,
(As, an 't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not) they [a] ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The [b] ſon of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
[c] Lives in the *Engliſh* court, and [d] is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward* with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the [e] holy King, [f] upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike [g] *Seyward*;
That by the help of theſe (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights,
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;

* The three laſt fo's and *R.* *the* for *his*.

[a] The three laſt fo's, *ſhall* for *ſhould*.

[b] All before *T.* *ſons* for *ſon*; but this appears to have been only an error of the preſs in the firſt f. by the two following notes.

[c] So the firſt f; the other fo's, *R.* and *P.* *Live* for *Lives*; the reſt read as the firſt f.

[d] So the fo's; *R.* and *P.* *are* for *is*; the reſt as in fo's.

[e] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *holy*.

[f] *C.* *on* for *upon*.

[g] *T.*'s duodecimo, and all after, except *C.* *Siward*.

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo [h] exaſperated [i] the king, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt [k] of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who ſhould ſay, You 'll rue the time,
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to [l] a caution, t' hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurſt!

Lord. I'll ſend my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

h The fo's, *R.*'s octavo and *C.* read *exaſperate.*

i So *H.* and *C*; the reſt, *their* for *hold*, &c.

k *P. H.* and *C.* omit *of war.*

l *P.* and all after, except *C. a care to the.*

ACT

MACBETH.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

[m] *A dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron* [n] *boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* [o] Thrice and once the [p] hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* [q] *Harpier* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd [r] entrails throw.

[[s] *They march round the cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*

[m] This deſcription of the ſcene firſt put in by *R.*

[n] *boiling* an emendation of *C*; *R.* had put *burning*.

[o] *T.* and all after, except *C. Twice* for *Thrice.*

[p] The three laſt fo's and *R.*'s octavo, *hedges pig*, &c.

[q] *P.* and all after, *Harper.*

[r] *W.* propoſes for *entrails, entremes*, an old word, (ſays he) uſed for ingredients. See *Skinner's* Etymologicon, where *Entremeſſe* is explained a mixture.

[s] This direction firſt put in by *R.*

Toad,

Toad, that [t] under cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

[u] 2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and [w] howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulph
Of the [x] ravening ſalt ſea ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*;
Gall of goat; and ſlips of yew,
[y] Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar's* lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.

[t] *R.*'s duodecimo and all after, *under the cold ſtone*, &c.

[u] *P.*'s duodecimo, *T. W.* and *J.* give this ſpeech to the firſt Witch.

[w] *P.* and all after, *owlet's.*

[x] All before *P. ravin'd* for *raven-ing.*

[y] R. *ſilver'd* for *ſliver'd.*

Add

Add thereto a *tiger's* chawdron,
For [z] th' ingredients of our [a] cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
Enter Hecate, [b] *and other three Witches.*
Hec. O well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſic and a Song.

[c] Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

[z] The fo's and *C. ingredience.*
[a] The two firſt fo's, *cawdron.*
[b] The fo's, *and the other*, &c.
[c] Only the two firſt words of this ſong are inſerted in the fo's, whence *R.* got the remaining words we are not informed.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's [d] germins tumble [e] all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?

[d] The ſo's and *R. Germain*; P. *Germains*. *Germins*, i. e. ſeeds, is *T.*'s emendation.

[e] The ſo's and *R. altogether*.

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thyſelf and office [f] deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff!*
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*—diſmiſs me—enough.
[*Deſcends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child ariſes.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunders.*

[f] The two firſt fo's, *deaftly.*

Appa-

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.
What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not [g] to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam* wood [h] to high [i] *Dunſinane* hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
[k] Rebellious [l] head, riſe never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo's* iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[m *The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! Let me know,
Why ſinks that cauldron, and what noiſe is this? [n *Hautboys.*

g *P.* and all after omit *to't.*
h *P.* and all after, *to* Dunſinane's (C. *Dunſinane*) *high hill*, &c.
i Firſt f. *Dunſmane.*
k H. *Rebellion's head*, &c.
l All before *T. dead* for *head.*
m This direction not in the fo's.
n C. [*Horrid muſic.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!
2 *Witch.* Shew!
3 *Witch.* Shew!.
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[° *Eight kings appear and paſs over in order, the laſt with a glaſs in his hand*; Banquo *following.*

Mach. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo:* Down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls.—And thy [p] hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt—
A third is like the former—Filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?—A fourth?—Start, [q] eyes!
What, will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A ſeventh?—I'll ſee no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry.
Horrible ſight! [r] now I ſee 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What? is this ſo?
1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

° The ſo's, *A ſhew of eight kings, and* Banquo *laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.* The eighth line of the following ſpeech will ſhew the neceſſity of the above emendation, which was aim'd to be made by *T.* But he unfortunately puts the glaſs into the hand of *Banquo* ſtill, though he meant that the eighth king ſhould hold it: For he directs [*Eight kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo; *the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*

p *W.* and *J. air* for *hair.*

q So the firſt f. and *C*; the reſt, *eye.*

r *P.* and all after inſert *nay* before *now.*

Come,

Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your [s] antick round,
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay: [*Muſic.*

[*The witches dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accurſed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the [t] weird ſiſters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. [u] Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very [w] firſtlings of my heart ſhall be

[s] All before *T.* *antique*.

[t] The 2d and 3d fo's and *R.* *wizard*; the 4th *f.* *wizards*.

[u] *F.* here directs, [*Aſide.*

[w] The three laſt fo's and *R.* *firſtling*.

The [x] firſtlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurprize,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I 'll do before [y] this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights.—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

[z] SCENE III.

Macduff's *Caſtle, at* Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

[x] R. *firſtling.*
[y] H. *the* for *this.*
[z] This called the ſecond ſcene in the fo's, *R.* and *C.* No deſcription of ſcene in the fo's. C. *A room in* Macduff's *caſtle.*

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly. He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. [a] My deareſt [b] couz,
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf; but for your huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o' th' [c] ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not [d] know ourſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
[e] Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
[f] Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.

a *P.* and *H.* omit *My.*
b *P.* and all after, except *C. couſin* for *couz.*
c *P.* and H. *time* for *ſeaſon.*
d H. *know't* for *know.*
e C. *And move each way.*
f H. *'T ſhall* for *Shall.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, [g] with worms and flies?

Son. [g] With what I get, [h] I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dſt never fear the net, nor [i] lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet for.

[k] My father is not dead for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do [l] for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll [m] buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit,
And yet i' faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears, and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

g *P.* and all after, except *C.* *on* for *with*. *With* has here the ſame meaning.

h The three laſt ſo's, *R. P.* and *H.* omit *I mean*.

i The three laſt ſo's, *R. P.* and *C.* *line*.

k *C.* adds *But* before *My*.

l After *do C.* inſerts *now*.

m The two firſt ſo's, *by* for *buy*.

Son.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macb. Why, [n] the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. [o] Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do [p] worſe to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime

[n] The two laſt fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* omit *Now.*

[o] The laſt f. and all after, except *C.* omit *the.*

[p] *H.* and *C. leſs* for *worſe*; W. *wor-ſhip*, i. e. pay obſervance.

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I [q] have done no harm?—What are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [r *Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother.
Run away, [s] I pray you.

[t *[Exit L.* Macduff, *crying Murther; Murtherers purſue her.*

[u] SCENE IV.

The King of England's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Malc. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

[q] So the firſt f. and *C.*; the reſt, *had for have.*

[r] No direction in the fo's.

[s] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *I.*

[t] So *T.* and all after; all before direct thus, *Exit, crying Murther.* But by placing this direction after the ſon's ſpeech, it would ſeem as if he (who is ſlain) was to go out, crying Murther, which is abſurd.

[u] This is the third ſcene in the fo's, *R.* and *C.* No deſcription of the ſcene in the fo's. *C.* calls it a room in the palace.

Hold

Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our [w] downfaln [x] birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like [y] ſyllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may [z] deſerve of him through me, [a] and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is,
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. [b] But I [b] ſhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell;
Though all things foul would [c] wear the brows of grace,
Yet Grace muſt [d] ſtill look ſo,

[w] All before *W.* *downfal* for *downfaln*; *C.* *down-fall.*

[x] The fo's and *R.* *birthdome*; *P.* and all after, but *J.* and *C.* *birth-doom.*

[y] *P.* and all after, *ſyllables.*

[z] All before *T.* read *diſcern* for *deſerve*; *C.* *diſcern.*

[a] H. *'tis* for *and.*

[b] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *but* and *ſhall.*

[c] The laſt *l.* *R.* *W.* and *J.* *bear* for *wear.*

[d] *T.*'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* *look ſtill* for *ſtill look.*

Macd. I have loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and [e] children,
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? —[f] I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties. You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs [g] dares not check thee: Wear [h] thou thy wrongs,
[i] The title is [k] affear'd.—Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that 's in the Tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you:
I think our country ſinks beneath the yoak;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;

e The firſt f. *childe* for *children.*

f *P.* and *H.* omit *I pray you.*

g The two firſt fo's and *C. dare* for *dares.*

h The two firſt fo's, *ye* for *thou.*

i *P.* and all after, except *C. His* for *The.*

k *P.* explains *affear'd* a law term for *confirm'd*; which (after having altered *The* to *His*, as in note above) interprets the paſſage thus, *Macbeth's* title is confirmed. *Heath* denies that *affear'd* (or *affeer'd* which is *H.'s* reading) ſignifies *confirm'd*; but tells us its ſignification is, *eſtimated, proportioned, adjuſted.* But *affear'd* or *afear'd* has here the ſame meaning with afraid (which is *R.'s* reading) and the paſſage explains itſelf thus, The title (which is put for him to whom the title of King belongs) is afraid to aſſert itſelf.

And

And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But [l] for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed,

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. [m] It is myſelf I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor State
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In [n] evils to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaritious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, [o] ſmacking of [p] every ſin
That has a name. But there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than ſuch an one to reign.

[l] *H.* after *But* adds *yet*.

[m] This conference of *Malcolm* with *Macduff* is taken out of the chronicles of *Scotland*. P.

[n] *P. H.* and *C. ills* for *evils*.

[o] The three laſt fo's and *R. ſmoaking* for *ſmacking*.

[p] *P.* and *H. each* for *every*.

Macd.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe;
And my more having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and [q] loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
[r] Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than [s] ſummer-ſeeming luſt; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain kings: yet do not fear
Scotland hath [t] foyſons, to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

[q] Both P.'s editions, *royal* for *loyal*.
[r] *H.* and *W.* *ſtrikes* for *ſticks*.
[s] *T. H. W.* and *C.* *ſummer-teeming*; *Heath* propoſes, *ſummer-ſeeding*.
[t] The two laſt fo's, *poiſons* for *foyſons*.

Mal.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſeverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
[u] Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O *Scotland! Scotland!*

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his breed. Thy Royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. [w] Fare thee well!
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf
[x] Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. O my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

[u] *H.* alters this line thus, *Sow'r the ſweet milk of concord into hate,*

[w] *P.* and all after but *C. Oh fare the well.*

[x] The ſo's, *Hath* for *Have.*

Mal.

Mal. *Macduff*, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to [y] woman, never was [z] forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth than life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither, indeed, before [a] thy here-approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men,
[b] All ready at [c] a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we 'll together, and [d] the chance [e] of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

y The three laſt fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* *women* for *woman*.

z The three laſt fo's, *forſwore*.

a Firſt f. *they* for *thy*.

b The fo's, *Already*.

c *W.* ſays, *Shakeſpeare* certainly wrote *appoint*, i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous.

d H. *our* for *the*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure; their malady [f] convinces
The great aſſay of art. But, at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What 's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I have ſeen him do. How he ſollicits heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

[e] H. *in* for *of*.

[f] *convinces* for *diſtats, overcomes.* W.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
[g] The means that [h] makes us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that [i] rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſy; the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for [k] who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. [l] Oh relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the neweſt griefs?

g The three laſt ſo's and *R. The means, the means that*, &c.
h *H.* and *J. make* for *makes.*
i The ſo's and *C. rent* for *rend.*
k *P.* and all after, except *C. whom* for *who.*

Roſſe.

Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Roſſe. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Roſſe. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How goes 't?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, [m] make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.

Mal. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not [n] catch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?

[l] H. *Relation, ob! too nice,* &c.

[m] *P.* and all after, except *C. and* *make women,* &c.

[n] The ſo's and *C. latch* for *catch.*

Roſſe.

Roſſe. No mind, that 's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh! I gueſs at it.

Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I muſt be from thence!—my wife kill'd too?

Roſſe. I have ſaid.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—° All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay all? ᵖ O hell-kite! all?

° *H.* inſerts *What* before *All.*

ᵖ After *all*, *P. T. H. W.* and *J.* add, *what, all?* *P.* and *H.* omit in their text, *O hell-kite all*, &c. to the end of the ſpeech.

What,

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?

Mal. [q] Diſpute it like a man.

Macd. I ſhall [r] do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine!
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whet-ſtone of your ſword; let grief
Convert to [s] anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle [t] heavens!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
[u] Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This [w] tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

[q] *P.* and *H* *Endure* for *Diſpute.*

[r] *P.* and *H.* omit *do ſo.*

[s] *P.* and all after, except *C.* *wrath* for *anger.*

[t] *P.* and all after, *heaven* for *heavens.*

[u] *P.* and all after, except *C.* add *Then* before *heaven.*

[w] The ſo's read *time*; *tune* is *R.*'s emendation.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

[x] *An Anti-chamber in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a [y] *waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

[x] No deſcription in fo's.

[y] All but the fo's and *C.* omit *waiting.*

Gent.

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not [z] report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo you! here ſhe comes. This is her very guiſe; and, upon my life, faſt aſleep. Obſerve her; ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe [a] is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? Look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here 's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to [b] ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out, damned ſpot; out, I ſay—One, two; why then 'tis time to do 't—Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie! a ſoldier, and [c] afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

z *W.* thinks it ſhould rather be *repeat* than *report.*

a The fo's, *are* for *is.*

b W. *fortify* for *ſatisfy.*

c So the fo's and *C*; the reſt, *afraid.*

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is she now? What will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you mar all with [d] this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that:

Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here 's the smell of [e] the blood still; all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! the [f] heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well—

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale—I tell you yet again, *Banquo* 's buried; he cannot come out [g] on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate.

[d] The three last fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* omit *this*.

[e] The last fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* omit *the*.

[f] The first f. *hart*.

[g] *P.* and all after, *of his* for *on 's*; except *C.* who reads *of 's*.

Come,

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe now go to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the Divine than the Phyſician:
* God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her: ſo good night!
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[h] *A Field, with a Wood at diſtance.*

[i] *Drum and colours.* *Enter* Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, *and ſoldiers.*

Ment. The *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear cauſes
[k] Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

* *P.* and *H. Good God, forgive,* &c.

[h] C. *Country near* Dunſinane. No deſcription in the fo's.

[i] *Drum and colours* omitted by all but the fo's and *C.*

[k] The three laſt fo's and *R.* omit this line.

Ang. Near *Birnam*-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his brother?
Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward's* ſon
And many [l] unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.
Ment. What does the Tyrant?
Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay he 's mad; others, that leſſer [m] hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the [n] med'cine of the ſickly weal

[l] The two firſt fo's, *unruffe*; the two laſt and *R. unruff*; P. *unruff'd*. *T.* explains *unrough* by *unbearded*.

[m] The two laſt fo's, *hates* for *kate*.

[n] *W.* ſays we ſhould read *medicin*, i. e. phyſician.

And

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make [o] we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt* [p] *marching*.

SCENE III.

[q] *The Caſtle of* Dunſinane.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy, *Malcolm?*
Was he not born of woman? [r] The ſpirits, that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd [s] me thus;
Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures.
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſag with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd [t] loon!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?

o *F.*'s octavo reads *me* for *we*; his duodecimo, *W.* and *F. up* for *we*.

p All but fo's and *C.* omit *marching*.

q No deſcription in fo's. *C. A room in the caſtle.*

r *P.* and all after omit *The*.

s *P.* and all after, *it* for *me thus*; except *C.* who reads *me*, omitting *thus*.

t The laſt f. and all after, except *C. lown* for *loon*.

Ser. There [u] are ten thouſand—

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, [w] whey-face?

Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—*Seyton!*—I am ſick heart,
When I behold—*Seyton*, I ſay!—This puſh
Will chear me ever, or [x] diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my [y] way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but in their ſtead,
Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not,
[z] *Seyton!*—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

u Fo's and *C. is* for *are.*

w The fo's and *R. whay-face.*

x The firſt f. *diſ-eate* for *diſeaſe.* *Shakeſpeare* might write *diſſeat.*

y An *Anonymus* would have it—*my* May *of life.* *Way* is uſed for courſe, progreſs. *W.* The Anonymus appears to be *J.*

z *R. P.* and *H.* omit *Seyton!*

Macb. I 'll fight 'till from my bones my fleſh [a] be hackt;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put in on.
Send out [b] more horſes, ſkirre the country round;
Hang thoſe [c] that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure [d] her [e] of that.
Canſt thou not miniſter [f] to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
[g] Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the [h] ſtuft boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter [i] to himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out—Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, diſpatch—If thou couldſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,

[a] The three laſt fo's, *R. P.* and *H. of.*
is for *be.*

[b] The two firſt fo's, *moe* for *more.*

[c] The three laſt fo's and *R. that ſtand in fear*, &c.

[d] Firſt f. omits *her.*

[e] The two laſt fo's and *R. from* for *unto* for *to.*

[f] *P.* and *H.* read *to minds diſeas'd*, &c.

[g] The third f. *raiſe* for *raze.*

[h] *P.* and *H. full* for *ſtuft.*

[i] So the firſt f; the reſt, except *C.*

And

And purge it to a ſound and [k] priſtine health;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again.—Pull 't off, I ſay—
What rhubarb, [l] ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence? Hear'ſt [m] thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your Royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

[n] Birnam *wood*.

[o] *Drum and Colours. Enter* Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching*.

Mal. [p] Couſins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What wood is this before us?

k The firſt f. *priſtiue*.

l The firſt f. *cyme* for *ſenna*; the 2d and 3d, *eæny*.

m Firſt f. *y*[u] for *thou*.

n C. *Plains leading to* Dunſinane; *a wood adjacent*. No deſcription in fo's.

o All but the fo's and C. omit, *Drum and Colours*.

p The two laſt fo's, *R. P.* and *H. Couſin* for *Couſins*.

Ment.

Ment. The wood of [q] *Birnam.*

Mal. Let ev'ry ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Sey. We learn no other, but the [r] confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is [s] advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd. [t] Let our [u] juſt cenſures
[w] Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe;
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate;
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

q The firſt f. *Birnane.*

r W. *confin'd* for *confident.*

s *J.* propoſes, *a 'vantage to be gone,* &c. C. reads *advantage to be gone,* &c.

t R. *Set* for *Let.*

u The three laſt fo's and *R.* *beſt* for *juſt.*

w The three laſt fo's and *R.* *Before* for *Attend.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

x *The Caſtle of* Dunſinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drum and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, They come: Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up;
Were they not y forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?

[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears;
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek, and my z fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze and ſtir,
As life were in 't. I have a ſupt full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts,
Cannot b once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my Lord, is dead.

x C. Dunſinane. *A plat-form within the caſtle.* No deſcription in fo's.

y *forc'd* for *reinforc'd.* P.

z *fell* is *ſkin.* J.

a H. *ſurfeited* for *ſupt full.*

b H. *now* for *once.*

Macb.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
[c] There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to [d] duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking ſhadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: Thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. [e] Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which [f] I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do 't.

Macb. Well, ſay [g], ſir.

Meſſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [[h] *Striking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not ſo.
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

[c] *J.* propoſes to read,—*There would have been a time for—Such a* world!—*Tomorrow*, &c.

[d] The three laſt fo's, *R. P.* and *C. ſtudy* for *duſty*; *H.* and *W. duſky*. This emendation was hinted by *T.* though not put in his text.

[e] So the firſt f. and *C*; the reſt, *My gracious Lord*, &c.

[f] *H.* and *C. I'd* for *I.*

[g] *P.* and all after add *it* after *ſay.*

[h] This direction not in the fo's.

Macb.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.—
I [i] pull in reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, till [k] *Birnam*-wood
Do come to *Dunſinane*"—and now a wood
Comes [l] toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is [m] no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be [n] a weary of the ſun
And wiſh [o] th' eſtate o' th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we 'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

i *J.* propoſes *pall* for *pull.*

k Firſt f. Byrnane-*wood.* In this edition it is in different places variouſly ſpelt, viz. *Byrnam, Byrnan, Birnane* and *Byrnane.*

l *W.* and *J.* *towards.*

m The two firſt fo's, *T. W. J.* and *C. nor* for *no.*

n *J.* omits *a.*

o So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C. the ſtate* for *th' eſtate.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[p] *Before* Dunſinane.

[q] *Drum and Colours. Enter* Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, *and their Army with Boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough. Your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my couſin, your right noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle. [r] Worthy *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon 's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well.

[s] Do we but find the Tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarums continued.*

[t] *Enter* Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. What 's he
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

[p] This deſcription not in fo's.

[q] All but fo's and *C.* omit *Drum and colours.*

[r] *P.* and all after, except *C. brave* for *worthy.*

[s] *P.* and *H. Let us but find*, &c.

[t] The fo's and *C.* here begin the 7th ſcene, which they make the laſt.

Enter

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sey. No, though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's *Macbeth.*

Y. Sey. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Sey. [u] Thou lieſt, abhorred Tyrant; with my ſword
I 'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward *is ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is. Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; [w] either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be—
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

[u] The three laſt fo's and *R. Then lieſt, thou abhorred,* &c.

[w] *P.* and all after, except *C.* or for *either.*

Enter

Enter Malcolm *and* Seyward.

Sey. This way, my Lord; the caſtle 's gently rendred;
The Tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt [x] itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes,
That ſtrike beſide us.

Sey. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? [y] whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee.
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my ſword! Thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour;
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm,

[x] J. *profeſſes itſelf yours*, &c. [y] *R.* and all after, except *C. Whilſt.*

And let the Angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ript.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man;
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the ſhew and gaze o' th' time.
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
" Here may you ſee the Tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou oppos'd, [z] being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt, Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be [a] he, that firſt cries, " Hold, enough."

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

[z] *T. W.* and *J. be* for *being*.

[a] The ſo's, *R.* and *C. him* for *be*.

SCENE

SCENE VII[b].

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Roſſe, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs were ſafe arriv'd.

Sey. Some muſt go off; and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble ſon.

Roſſe. Your ſon, my Lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then [c] he is dead?

Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe. Ay, on the front.

Sey. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,

[b] The fo's and *R.* here inſert the following direction, *Enter fighting, and* Macbeth *ſlain*; which ſuppoſes *Macbeth* and *Macduff* to re-enter, and end their duel upon the ſtage. If we allow this direction, we muſt alſo put in another; and either make the curtain fall, or exit *Macduff*, and the body of *Macbeth* carried off, before *Malcolm*, &c. enter.

[c] *P.* and all after, except *C.* *is he* for *be it.*

I would not wiſh them to a fairer death.
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more ſorrow;
And that I 'll ſpend for him.
Sey. He 's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore.
[d] And ſo God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where ſtands
Th' Uſurper's curſed head. The time is free;
I ſee thee compaſt with thy kingdom's [e] pearl,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds,
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine;—
Hail, King of *Scotland!*
All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. [f] My *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen,

[d] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *And.*

[e] So the 3d and 4th fo's and *C*; the 1ſt and 2d, *pearle*; the reſt, *peers* for *pearl.*

[f] *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *My.*

(Who,

(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of [g] Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

[g] For *Grace*, *P.* and *H.* read *heaven*; W. *God*.

FINIS.